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THE GREEN CALDRON

A MAGAZINE OF FRESHMAN WRITING



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Should College Enrollments Be Limited?

FRANK K. LORENZ

Rhetoric 102, Theme 6

IN SEPTEMBER OF THIS YEAR AMERICAN COLLEGES AND universities opened their doors to approximately two and a half million students. This current enrollment in our schools of higher education probably would have been even greater if many institutions had not been forced to limit the number of entry permits granted because of the lack of housing, teachers, or classroom facilities. The constantly increasing number of young people seeking higher education is posing a serious problem for our educational institutions. It will not be long before the ever-mounting influx of new students will overtax present college facilities to the point where educational standards must be lowered in order to accommodate them. In many schools this unfortunate situation has already occurred. The situation has become so grave that many people, both in and out of education, have publicly voiced their alarm. Predictions of dire consequences for American education are being made in the event this trend is allowed to continue unremedied.

Our colleges are faced with the necessity of providing a solution to this problem of a rapidly increasing enrollment. The most obvious solution would be to expand educational facilities to meet the demands placed upon them. Unfortunately, however, this solution is impractical because of the colleges' financial limitations. State legislatures are notorious penny-pinchers where state-supported institutions are concerned. Increased appropriations designed to remedy overcrowding would be forthcoming only with the greatest reluctance and delay. Private universities and liberal arts colleges must depend primarily upon endowments, alumni contributions and tuition fees for support. Currently, private institutions are experiencing budgetary difficulties because of an inadequate income. Expansion to meet the demands of an increased enrollment is practically out of the question. Endowments and alumni contributions, although substantial, cannot be relied upon to provide the entire additional financial support needed. Increasing the tuition would only serve to make it financially impossible for many young people to enter college. The increasing number of scholarships available to students helps somewhat to alleviate the financial burden. However, these scholarships are not as yet available to the vast majority of students in need of them.

Another solution to the urgent problems caused by increasing college enrollment would be the subsidizing of all colleges by the state or federal government. This method of solving the problem is quite impractical also. Besides the politically controversial nature of such a solution ultimately

leading to vehement opposition to it by a large segment of our people, there is also the constitutional aspect to be considered. It can be argued that federal aid to higher education impinges upon state's rights, one of the basic tenets of our Constitution. A good case could also be made against government subsidy of private institutions on the grounds that subsidy would lead to political interference. Government aid to private colleges is quite impractical because of the opposition to it engendered by its controversial nature. It is quite conceivable that a majority of Americans are opposed to government subsidizing of private educational institutions.

A third solution would be the placement of limitations on college enrollment. This seems to be the most logical answer to the problem, and possibly the most practical of the three. In theory, at least, it is an ideal solution. By limiting enrollment, colleges no longer will find it necessary to hazard the financial burdens entailed in further expansion of facilities. At the same time, the colleges would maintain and perhaps even strengthen their educational standards by raising entrance requirements.

However, practical application of this "ideal" solution leads to difficulties. First of all, what standards should be used to differentiate the acceptable student from the unacceptable? It is generally agreed that differentiation on the basis of intelligence and scholarship is the most satisfactory method. The next question which naturally arises is, should the differentiation be based on high school grades, entrance exams, IQ tests, or on all three? Since no one of these methods of measuring intelligence is completely reliable, all three must be utilized. Even then, the method would be quite unjust, inasmuch as the possibility exists that a few individuals rejected by this method would develop into better students scholastically than some of those found "acceptable." This method of discriminating on the basis of measured intelligence or ability would deny the individual an opportunity to prove himself one way or the other.

I submit that a better solution to the prevalent problem created by increased college enrollment would be to *limit the number of students by raising the scholastic requirements imposed upon students during their college enrollment*. For example, the University of Illinois, which presently requires maintenance of a 3.0 average, could increase this minimum average to 3.5, or possibly even 4.0. Every student would be given a fair opportunity to meet the requirements, and if he did not meet them he would be placed on probation, and if he failed to bring up his average during this probationary period he would be dismissed. This solution, although by no means perfect, comes as close as any thus far proposed to solving the problem. It does so by raising educational standards, inasmuch as the general intelligence level required for college graduation would be raised. It would also tend to decrease the number of students who are not sincere in their desire for an education. These students only waste their parents' and the taxpayers' money, as well as wasting the valuable time and effort put forth by the faculty members.

A limitation placed on college enrollment would be fair and proper only if applied indirectly—that is, by raising the scholastic standards to be met by college students during their enrollment. On this basis, I believe that *limitations on college enrollment are justified and even desirable.*

Who Wants To?

GERALD M. PETERSON

Rhetoric 102, Theme 4

I'M A PGUer. THOSE ARE GOOD, OLD-FASHIONED ENGLISH letters, and they have nothing to do with anyone else's alphabet. They stand for Parade Ground Units, and that's where I've been living for the past semester or so here at the University of Illinois. During that time I have come in contact with twenty-two other men. Four of them are Negroes, three are Jews; they range in geographical origin from the New Yorker in the next room to my roommate from Alaska, from a Mexican who served in the U.S. Air Force to the exchange student from Greece. To ask for a group with more *esprit de corps*, even if it were hand-picked, would be ridiculous. Ours is not what is termed an organized house, but many are the women on campus to whom the street number 1320 means more than any Greek letters you might throw together.

I've learned how to clean a rifle from the fellows who have served in the Army, of which we have eight at present. My vocabulary has increased tremendously. Now I can swear in Spanish, Russian, German, French, and Greek, not to mention a few new words I've picked up in English.

Our house has no hours. Nobody has to mow the lawn, wash windows, or rake leaves on Saturday. We all take our own laundry to where we want it washed, and everyone carries his own matches. We can date Greek girls, and we can date Indees. Two fellows can date the same girl, and they often do. We get drunk when we want to, and we haven't dropped anyone from our roster because he doesn't wear the right clothes. We all talk to the fellows who work at the chow hall, and we moan about the food.

There has yet to be one of us who had to wash the sidewalk with a toothbrush or sit underneath the table and babble on about liking his chicken. Five of us have not been herded into a phone booth and forced to smoke cigars until we were up to our ankles in vomit. None of us has ever gone five days without sleep, nor shined someone else's shoes.

Our membership ranges from grad students in math and physiology to undergrads in LAS, commerce, journalism, and engineering. Our ideals range from Republican to Democratic and from Christian to agnostic. A good part of the week is spent in bull sessions where topics range from women to the Bible and from poetry to life in the Army. Although none of us is a financial giant, most of us have the background and the backing necessary to get into a fraternity. But who wants to?

The Outlook Is Bleak for the Shoal

MICHAEL HOFFMAN

Rhetoric 101, Theme 8

SHOAL CREEK, IN MONTGOMERY COUNTY, HAS LONG been a haven for wildlife. Besides the fish, turtles, crawdads, and other aquatic inhabitants, it also supports, to a large extent, many fish-eating animals and birds. But lately many species of fish and animals have become almost extinct around the creek.

The game fish, such as bluegill, bass, and channel cat, are now rarely encountered. When, on occasion, they are taken, the fish are usually sick and stunted. However, there has been no decrease in the over-all fish population. The rough fish, such as carp, gar, sucker, and buffalo are becoming more numerous. They grow fat and multiply quickly in the Shoal. Why?

In the summer, egrets, kingfishers, and herons once frequented the Shoal. Instead of these fish-feeding birds the town sparrow and the crow are now found along its banks. Why?

In winter, muskrats built their dens along its banks, coons pawed mussels out of the creek's cold waters, and mink slithered along the grass lining its banks and looked for unwary field mice. Now the most numerous mammal found around the Shoal is the rat. Why?

The answers to these questions are not hard to figure out. In the last decade, Hillsboro, a town on the Shoal's banks, has not increased in population. With no population increase, the city's government has had no incentive to improve or even repair its sewage disposal plant.

The plant needs repair badly. Because of old and faulty machinery, raw sewage runs directly into Shoal Creek. Half the sewage sinks to the bottom and forms a stinking sludge, while the remainder rises to the surface and becomes an equally odorous greenish scum. The sludge kills the water plants and mussels which the fish and animals feed on. The sludge and scum oxidize continually to rob the water of the oxygen that game fish need in order to survive. Because the rough, rooting fish such as the mud cat, carp, sucker, and gar need little oxygen and devour sewage gluttonously, they thrive and multiply in the stream. In a few years, the rough fish will completely dominate the creek. Since there are fewer game fish and minnows, the number of birds that used to feed on them—the herons, egrets, and ducks—has diminished. Now only crows and sparrows are seen along the Shoal's banks, foraging for the numerous solid bits of sewage washed up by high water. In place of the muskrats, coons, and mink, now, huge water rats, whose dull, dingy fur teems with vermin, frequent the Shoal.

Unless something is done in the near future, Shoal Creek will be nothing but a stinking, pest-infested sewer. The tragic thing is that probably nothing will be done. Most of the people of the community are either too ignorant or too lazy to realize that Shoal Creek with its wildlife population could be preserved. The people are resigned to the fact that the clear, clean Shoal is a thing of yesterday. Already they are telling their open-mouthed children and grandchildren about the Shoal in the "good old days," about the old swimming hole, about the long strings of bluegill they used to bring home, and about how they used to make money in the winter trapping muskrats in the marshes around the creek. To them the Shoal is already dead; it is a sacrifice made to the modern world. They say pollution comes naturally with more industry and with the modern household, or, in other words, with progress.

But they are wrong. Hillsboro has had no new factories to increase waste. It is true that more sewage comes directly from houses via indoor toilets, but surely the little additional sewage from houses can not overburden the sewage disposal plant. The plant simply isn't in a decent state of repair. The machinery in it has not been changed or repaired for twenty years. The city will not spend money on a thing that is not demanded by the people. The party in power uses public money, which should be spent for improvements, for political purposes. This party has been in power for twenty years and probably will remain in power for another twenty, since the majority of the people don't have sense enough to go beyond personal likes and dislikes to see the real policies of their governing body.

The outlook is bleak for the Shoal.

Automatic Gunsmoke

ROBERT R. ALLISON, JR.

Rhetoric 101, Theme 2

THERE IS A BLAZE OF GUNFIRE. A DETECTIVE IS "shooting it out" with a gangster. The kids on the front row are sitting on the edges of their seats, each weighing the odds in favor of the detective. Then, an observant lad points out one fact: Our hero has an automatic pistol, which is firing a veritable hail of lead. Discretion being the better part of valor, the crook chucks out his antiquated revolver and promptly surrenders.

This scene of battle is portrayed daily on movie screens, and in real life. It is common knowledge that the man who slings the most lead, fastest, will be the one who walks away from a gun-fight. The automatic pistol holds more rounds, and fires them faster, than any other type of hand-held firearm.

Let us imagine that I am holding a loaded, cocked automatic pistol. We will see just what makes it unique, and how it operates.

As I pull the trigger, it pushes a horizontal bar back against the sear. This bar is called the trigger bar. It slides in a groove, and is notched at its rear end to accommodate the sear. The sear is merely a small lever which pivots on a centrally located axis pin. The sear's lower end rests in the trigger bar's notch, and its upper end holds the hammer in a cocked position.

As the trigger bar pushes against the lower end of the sear, the sear pivots on its pin and releases the hammer. The hammer has its own axis pin, on which it pivots. The hammer is under constant pressure from a strong spring which normally holds the hammer against the firing pin. The hammer is drawn back against its spring, and the sear holds the hammer back in its cocked position. When the sear releases the hammer, the hammer slaps against the firing pin. The firing pin shoots forward in its groove and strikes the waiting cartridge.

Up to this point, I have described all the force needed to fire the pistol. After the firing pin hits the cartridge, the pistol takes over to complete the firing cycle automatically.

When the powder in the cartridge explodes, it not only projects the bullet forward, but the explosion also gives a powerful backward thrust. This thrust to the rear is transmitted to the slide. The slide rides atop the pistol in grooves, and it is normally held in a forward position by the recoil spring. The slide performs four functions: it holds the cartridge in the firing chamber, ejects the spent shell, cocks the hammer, and reloads the firing chamber.

The backward thrust of the exploding cartridge pushes the slide rearward and a number of things happen. First of all, the slide pulls the spent cartridge from the firing chamber and ejects it from the pistol. Secondly, the slide re-cocks the hammer against the sear. This completes the slide's rearward motion, and it then moves forward under pressure from the recoil spring. As it moves forward it strips another cartridge from the magazine and pushes the bullet into the firing chamber. This completes the firing cycle, and the pistol is ready to fire again.

In the foregoing paragraphs, I have described the operation of a French "Unique" twenty-two caliber automatic pistol. This operation is basically the same for all automatic pistols. The "Unique" contains fifty-six component parts, holds ten cartridges, and weighs twenty-four ounces. This pistol, or any automatic pistol, will fire as fast as one can pull the trigger. This means that a relatively poor shot can fire ten rounds in five seconds, which increases the odds in favor of his scoring a hit. The automatic pistol is, therefore, an excellent firearm for the city home-owner. It is unequalled as a small-game hunting weapon. And it has already proved its usefulness in three major wars.

The Privilege of Setting Him Free

JAMES ARCHER
Rhetoric 102, Theme 13

That's what we are really defending: the privilege of setting him free ourselves: which we will have to do for the reason that nobody else can since going on a century ago now the North tried it and have been admitting for seventy-five years now that they failed.

William Faulkner, himself Mississippi-born in the very middle of it all, speaks for his people as only one of them can and perhaps as only one of them can understand. *Intruder in the Dust* makes no attempt to cover the truth in allegory, politely protecting it from the heavy-lidded eyes of those who would prefer that it not shine at them so blindingly brilliant. Not a very involved story, it could never have happened if some pretty plain white folks hadn't sought justice for their lost kin, obviously (and yet really not) murdered by Lucas Beauchamp, a Negro who not only endured his color but was proud of it. Nor would there have been a story if an old lady and a couple of young boys hadn't been so senseless as to risk their own lives just to save Beauchamp. The truth is there, uncovered and strong and pungent, for all who want to see. Faulkner tries desperately hard to tell the North; to tell them that brotherhood isn't expressed in laws or codes; to tell those who "believe it can be compelled . . . by simple ratification by votes on a printed paragraph," to ask their patience for something which can't be gained tomorrow or even the next day but will be if they'll only wait a while longer. Something which, if solved by the South, herself, will be remembered with "less of pain and bitterness since justice was relinquished to him by us rather than torn from us and forced on him both with bayonets."

There's encouragement for the South too. Encouragement that it will be the old ladies and children who have faith enough in truth and are forgetful enough of those harsh facts called reality to surmount the insurmountable, to brave the darkness to hold the lantern while the rest find the way.

Perhaps Miss Habersham's seemingly endless struggle against the torrent of autos which flooded from the town, inundating the highways until there seemed to be no direction but that of the mass, has some significance. Perhaps we spend most of our lives running against them, trying in vain to beat the torrent. But Miss Habersham did find her way out. It took a long time—much longer than she expected (seventy years of her life, in fact). It was not a straight, easy path but a long detouring circle, with its end often concealed, which finally led her out of the plunging forces to her goal. For all of us this effort must hold truth. To fight blindly upstream all our lives can lead only to failure. By coasting along with it, ever ready for the chance to escape, enduring ends can be accomplished. With these thoughts in mind, we, not as Southerners or Northerners but as Americans, can look ahead hopefully and patiently, confident of Lucas' freedom.

The Vertical-Takeoff and Landing Plane

JOHN A. FINLEY

Rhetoric 102, Reference Paper

THE HISTORY OF THE VERTICAL TAKE-OFF AND LANDING plane is about as long as the history of powerful engines. Clarence Johnson, Chief Engineer of Lockheed Aircraft's California Division, said, "Every aeronautical engineer has played with the idea of vertical take-off planes. In Leonardo da Vinci's sketchbook, there is a drawing of such a plane—but it's taken from da Vinci's time until now to get an engine that would do the job."¹

The first real attempt to build a working vertical take-off and landing plane, hereafter to be referred to as a VTOL plane, was made by the Germans during World War II.² Reports concerning this particular plane vary considerably, but all sources seem to agree that it was made by Focke-Wulf.³ There are, however, a wide variety of theories as to the actual construction and powering of the plane. The most substantial theory seems to be that the plane was to stand on its tail and was to have a large rotor connected to the plane itself about waist high on the fuselage. The rotor was to swing around the body of the ship just aft of the cockpit. Each blade of the rotor was to be driven by a ramjet at its tip to develop a total horsepower of 10,200, potentially one of the most powerful units in current use, short of rocket engines. The Nazi ship was to take off from its five-wheeled undercarriage and was to be flown similarly to the way that our present-day VTOL's are flown, but its top speed and its rate of climb would have exceeded those of our VTOL's by a considerable margin.⁴ Another theory is that the German VTOL plane was to be rocket-launched and that in the process of testing the plane, many test pilots were killed. The report further states that the tests never were successful.⁵ A third report says that the plane was more or less a reworked helicopter with rotor-propeller combinations.⁶ While the Focke-Wulf VTOL plane was being developed in Germany, the General Electric Company, in our country, was working on

¹ Cornelius Ryan, "These Fighters Take Off Straight Up," *Colliers*, CXXXIII (April 2, 1954), 45.

² *Science News Letter*, LXVI (March 27, 1954), 195.

³ "New Details on VTO Projects," *Aviation Week*, LX (February 15, 1954), 17.

⁴ Robert Casari, "Fighter Revolution," *Flying*, LV (August, 1954), 64.

⁵ *Science News Letter*, March 27, 1954, p. 195.

⁶ *Aviation Week*, February 15, 1954, p. 17.

a VTOL ship which used turbo-jet engines, but it also was more or less a reworked helicopter.⁷

Theoretical studies on the VTOL as we know it today began about twelve years ago⁸ when the Navy began to think that such a plane was feasible.⁹ In 1947, the Navy, in cooperation with the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics (NACA), started wind-tunnel tests with models of VTOL planes. In 1949, with the knowledge that turbo-prop engines powerful enough for a VTOL plane would be available by the time experimental prototypes were ready, the Navy invited nine aircraft builders to submit their designs for a VTOL plane. From the five designs that were submitted, the Navy picked two—that of Lockheed Aircraft Company and that of Consolidated Vultee (Convair).¹⁰

The Navy was very much more interested in a VTOL than the Air Force because it had a more pressing need for one. The main reason that the Navy needed the VTOL was that it wanted a plane that could take off from a small space on a freighter or transport, fly escort for a convoy of ships, and return to a landing on its original take-off position.¹¹ Using a plane like this would help immensely in case the Navy could not afford to send an aircraft carrier as escort.¹²

During the week of February, 1954, the public got its first glimpse of a VTOL plane. A news photographer happened to pass the plant where Convair's VTOL (the XFY-1), half-covered with canvas and scaffolding, was being worked on outside of its hangar. He saw the odd-looking contraption and, using a telephoto lens, took a picture of it.¹³ Soon, the picture was in nearly every magazine and newspaper in the country. The press demanded more information about the strange, new aircraft. Before too long, pictures and data were released, and the VTOL story became known to the public. It was found that the Navy had completed not just the XFY-1, but also the XFV-1, Lockheed's VTOL.

The two VTOL's were obviously not like conventional fighters—not in appearance, anyway. They both stood on their tails and stuck up into the air as high as a three-story building.¹⁴ They both had about the same gross weight, fuselage length, and wing span. Their characteristics, compared with those of conventional fighters, were as follows: Their gross weight was about half that of an F-86, their fuselage length was considerably shorter,

⁷ *Ibid.*, p. 17.

⁸ Ryan, p. 42.

⁹ "Navy Studies New VTO Fighter Tactics," *Aviation Week*, LXI (March 29, 1954), 16.

¹⁰ Ryan, p. 45.

¹¹ "The Pogo Stick," *Newsweek*, XLIII (February 17, 1954), 29.

¹² *Aviation Week*, March 29, 1954, p. 16.

¹³ Ryan, p. 45.

¹⁴ Ryan, p. 42.

and their wing span was shorter.¹⁵ Both of the VTOL's were powered by Allison turbo-prop engines.¹⁶ The XFV-1 had a bomb-style tail with four fins replacing the usual rudder-elevator assembly.¹⁷ Convair's VTOL had a delta wing, while the XFV-1's wings were straight and heavily tapered.¹⁸ The wings of both ships were rather stubby because the lift needed for the take-off of conventional planes was not required for the VTOL.¹⁹ The wings were also very thin, which seemed to indicate that a goal of high subsonic performance was being aimed for.²⁰

The XFY-1, billed as the Navy's first vertical take-off plane,²¹ made its first flights tethered to the floor and to the ceiling of the inside of a hangar.²² The Lockheed VTOL, not as completely finished as the XFY-1, awaited the development of a new engine for its first flight tests.²³ Both planes had been fitted with special undercarriages so that they could be landed and tested like conventional planes.²⁴ Finally, on August 1, 1954, the XFY-1 made its first free take-off.²⁵ Then, on September third of the same year, the final step was taken—The XFY-1 took off, maneuvered in the air above its testing field, and landed a few feet from where it had taken off, thereby becoming the first VTOL ever to complete a flight cycle.²⁶

The flying of the VTOL was different from the flying of a conventional fighter only in its taking-off and its landing. To accomplish the take-off of the XFY-1, the pilot, sitting in a seat that could be adjusted as the plane moved from vertical to horizontal position,²⁷ opened the throttle until the plane's powerful engines were developing a thrust almost equivalent to that of four Sabre-jets.²⁸ By this time, the plane would be lifting itself from the ground by its two propellers at an ever-increasing speed. When the plane reached an altitude of approximately two hundred feet,²⁹ it would have gathered enough speed for its wings to give it sufficient lift to stay

¹⁵ "Navy Takes Wrap off Convair and Lockheed Vertical Take-off Fighters," *Aviation Week*, LX (March 22, 1954), 16.

¹⁶ "Air Force Orders Vertical Take-off Jet," *Science Digest*, XXXVII (April, 1955), 94.

¹⁷ "Straight Up, Supersonic," *Newsweek*, XLIII (March 22, 1954), 57.

¹⁸ *Aviation Week*, March 22, 1954, p. 16.

¹⁹ Casari, p. 32.

²⁰ *Aviation Week*, March 22, 1954, p. 16.

²¹ "Up & Over," *Time*, LXIV (November 5, 1954), 67.

²² *Aviation Week*, March 29, 1954, p. 17.

²³ "Navy VTO Fighters Make First Free Flights," *Aviation Week*, LXI (August 16, 1954), 387.

²⁴ *Aviation Week*, March 22, 1954, p. 16.

²⁵ *Aviation Week*, August 16, 1954, p. 17.

²⁶ J. F. Coleman, "How I Fly the Pogo Plane," *Popular Science*, CLXVI (February, 1955), 123

²⁷ *Ibid.*, p. 123.

²⁸ Ryan, p. 45.

²⁹ Coleman, p. 123.

aloft.³⁰ At this height, the plane would be "pushed over" from its vertical or climbing position to its horizontal or flying position,³¹ and the "transition" would be complete.³² The landing of the VTOL was accomplished in the following manner: The pilot, flying the plane in a normal horizontal position, swooped it into a vertical position and began a slow descent, while "hanging the plane from its propellers,"³³ until the plane again rested on its tail, cushioned from the landing shock by hydraulic shock absorbers in the tail.³⁴ The 150-foot mark is the critical altitude level for the pilot of the VTOL.³⁵ If an accident were to happen below that level, there would be no assurance that his parachute would open in time to save him.³⁶ If the pilot should find it necessary to make a crash landing, he could release the bottom tail surface of the XFV-1.³⁷

Soon after the release of news about the Navy's VTOL's, the Air Force announced that it had awarded contracts to Bell Aircraft Company and Ryan Aeronautical Company for the building of two turbo-jet VTOL's.³⁸

An Air Force VTOL needed a turbo-jet engine instead of a turbo-prop engine because it had to be faster than the Navy VTOL's. The Navy VTOL was needed for slow escorting of ships, but the Air Force VTOL was needed for quick intercepting of invading enemy planes.³⁹ The Air Force was expected to want their VTOL to go 600 miles per hour or better, while the Navy VTOL's only go about 500 miles per hour.⁴⁰

In August of 1955, Ryan moved their VTOL, the XF-109, from San Diego to Edwards Air Force Base for flight testing. Although the plane was wrapped in canvas, many of its characteristics were clearly discernible. It had a high delta wing with a rounded center section, a deep, short fuselage, and a high, triangular tail which, like the two Navy VTOL's, served as a support pad for take-off. The unusual concentric exhaust nozzle of the XF-109's Rolls-Royce Avon turbo-jet engine hinted at the "possibility of thrust augmentation or control during the vertical take-off operation."⁴¹

The Bell VTOL was purely an experimental plane. In fact, its fuselage was from a glider, its landing gear was from a Bell helicopter, and its throttle was from a motor boat. The Bell VTOL differed from the previous VTOL's in that it took off and landed from the normal and level position

³⁰ Casari, p. 32.

³¹ *Ibid.*, p. 32.

³² Coleman, p. 123.

³³ *Aviation Week*, March 22, 1954, p. 16.

³⁴ "New U. S. Aim In The Air," *Life*, XXXVI (March 22, 1954), 71.

³⁵ Coleman, p. 123.

³⁶ *Ibid.*, p. 123.

³⁷ *Aviation Week*, March 22, 1954, p. 18.

³⁸ *Ibid.*, p. 16.

³⁹ *Aviation Week*, February 15, 1954, p. 16.

⁴⁰ *Science Digest*, April, 1955, p. 94.

⁴¹ "Ryan's XF-109," *Aviation Week*, LXIII (August 29, 1955), 17.

of a conventional plane. The force to lift the plane straight up from this position was developed by two turbo-jet engines which could be tilted from a horizontal to a vertical position. When the engines were pointed down, their powerful thrust lifted the plane skyward. After the plane was high enough to assume normal horizontal flight, the turbo-jets were tilted back into horizontal position, and the plane was pushed ahead.⁴² Because the tail and rudder were useless while the Bell VTOL was hovering, compressed air jets in the tail assembly and at the tips of the wings were used to keep the plane in balance and under control.⁴³

Interest at this time began to turn towards developing a VTOL transport or passenger plane. Weber Aircraft Company announced that it had successfully flown a model VTOL that worked on an entirely different principle than had any other VTOL. During the take-off of this model, the wings, engines, and propellers of the model remained in conventional position. The flap arrangement in the wings of this model was such that the slipstream created by the engines was directed downwards. The resulting force lifted the plane into the air.⁴⁴

Several months later, the NACA announced that it had flown a VTOL transport model that worked on the same principle as Weber's VTOL model.⁴⁵

Because of reports such as those which Weber and the NACA made, aircraft companies were incited to start more research on the VTOL problem. In July of 1953, Douglas Aircraft Company said that they were going to concentrate the efforts of their research department on a VTOL transport with a fixed-wing design. Such a plane could rise vertically with a minimum load and take off in a short distance with a maximum load. But Douglas also said that they would not be able to build such a plane in the near future because of their contracts for military aircraft and long-range transports.⁴⁶

After the initial effect of the introduction of a radically new plane like the VTOL had worn off, there was little news of importance concerning the VTOL's. Recently, however, an article was issued which showed that the VTOL's have definitely not faded out of the picture. The article states that the Air Branch, Office of Naval Research, has been using fund allocations "to encourage and coordinate the development of the various pioneering VTOL projects in this country and abroad."⁴⁷ The article goes on to say

⁴² "Bell Jet VTO Takes off and Lands Level," *Aviation Week*, LXII (February 7, 1955), 16.

⁴³ "Vertical Take Off," *Time*, LCIV (October 4, 1954), 92.

⁴⁴ William J. Coughlin, "New Vertiplane has Conventional Look," *Aviation Week*, LXIII (October 24, 1954), 41.

⁴⁵ "NACA Flies VTOL Transport Model," *Aviation Week*, LXII (June 13, 1955), 30.

⁴⁶ "Douglas Planning to Build VTOL Transport," *Aviation Week*, LXIII (July 11, 1953), 25.

⁴⁷ "VTOL Studies," *Aviation Week*, LXIV (April 16, 1956), 30.

that there are about nine VTOL projects going on now and that the wait for operational VTOL's will be cut from 10 to 20 years down to 5 to 10 years.⁴⁸

In regard to the future of the VTOL, Mr. Hall L. Hubbard, Vice President in charge of engineering at Lockheed Aircraft Company, predicted the following: "Within ten years, every fighter will take off vertically and land the same way."⁴⁹ Only time can tell whether or not Mr. Hubbard's prediction will come true, but certainly the VTOL does have a bright future.

⁴⁸ *Ibid.*, p. 30.

⁴⁹ Ryan, p. 96.

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The Values of an Honor System

THOMAS B. THEW

Rhetoric 102, Theme 11

IN THE LAND OF THE STILL AND SILENT, THE TREES are tall and stately, the ground is covered with flowers, and the breeze is fresh and cool. All is calm and peaceful, except for the occasional call of a bird or scurry of a squirrel. When the sun begins to set, the whole world seems to come to life. There is a flap of wings and a rustle beneath the bushes. All of the animals of the Land seem to be converging upon an open, grassy area. And there, upon a dead branch of an oak tree, sits the wise old owl. He gives forth a melancholy "Whoo" to those whom he especially respects; but other than that, not a sound is heard except the patter of paws and the flutter of wings. Finally, all are assembled to partake of tea—afternoon tea to some, morning tea to others. Immediately, the younger members begin to boil the sassafras leaves in a big iron pot. The respected Owl looks one way, then the other, each time blinking his eyes, and then commences the topic of conversation which will be pursued that day.

"I understand," he whooted, "that the Fox has stolen another of Farmer Brown's chickens."

Immediately, the twittering and chattering stopped. "Alas, I am afraid that that is correct," said the Muskrat, who served as policeman, Magistrate, and Prosecutor in the Land of the Still and Silent. "I caught him red-handed. Quite a neat job, even if I do say so myself!"

"Debatable," said the old Owl, as he blinked his eyes. "And what was done with him?"

"Why," continued the Muskrat, "he is supposed to come here today to talk with us."

"Interesting," said the Owl.

"Mr. Owl," said the honorable Beaver, as he slowly rose to speak. "I wish to make a few salient points before the Fox arrives. This type of thing has been going on long enough. Stealing—in any form—gives this Land a bad reputation. And remember, this isn't the first time Fox has stolen Farmer Brown's chickens. If we don't stop him, he'll just continue to do so. Therefore, I believe that we should banish him from the Land!" The Beaver finished with a hard flap of his tail.

A hush fell over the group. Banish him! That was the worst thing that could happen to an honorable animal!

The snake curled up, apparently ready to speak. "Friends," he hissed, "as lowly as I am, I agree with the honorable Beaver."

"Me, too," sighed the shy Opossum.

"Croak," went the Bullfrog.

"Well, then," said the Owl, "we shall vote upon the matter. All in favor signify by raising their right wing or paw." With a quick jerk of his head, he counted the votes. "Against?" Another quick jerk. "Twenty-one for, three against. Motion carried. Mr. Fox will be . . ."

At that point the Fox came leaping in. "Sorry I am late folks, but you know how it is—here and there and everywhere. Hear you wanted to see me, Owl, old boy!"

"Yes," replied the Owl, "I hear you have been stealing Farmer Brown's chickens again. Is that right?"

"Well, they were there and I was hungry. After all, he has plenty to spare. No harm intended, you know. Have to make a living somehow."

"Yes, well! You seem to be making a poor reputation for yourself and for the Land, as well as a 'living,' as you put it. Therefore, we have just voted and decided that you are to be banished from the Land."

The Fox was obviously startled. "Oh, Owl, you're just kiddin' again, aren't ya!" The Owl was silent. "Just trying to give me a little scare?" No response. "Oh, come on now, it wasn't that bad. If I hadn't been in a tough spot, I wouldn't have done it, all of you know that! Don't ya?"

The old Owl finally spoke. "Your action was stealing. There is no recourse. I hereby order you to pack and leave before sundown." The Fox crept away, sorry, and discouraged.

"Mr. Owl," chirped the plump Mrs. Robin, "as long as we are on this subject of stealing, I have a complaint to make. Mrs. Cowbird has laid one of her eggs in my nest! Now I'll have to rear her young and neglect my own!"

"Go on."

"Well," continued Mrs. Robin, "I feel that this is stealing, in a way. They are stealing my time and my energy to do their work. It would only be appropriate that Mr. and Mrs. Cowbird be also banned from the Land."

"Hold on a minute," screeched Mr. Cowbird. "These two incidents are entirely different. Fox actually stole the chicken. My wife doesn't have time to care for the egg. She is just too tired."

"You mean she is almost too fat to fly!" shrieked Mr. Robin.

"Whoot! Now," said the Owl, "let us ask Mr. Bullfrog's opinion."

"Well," croaked Mr. Bullfrog in his deep bass voice, "both are wrong, in a sense. Mrs. Cowbird is wrong, for she should not expect others to do her work. Yet, Mrs. Robin is wrong in calling it stealing from her. Mrs. Cowbird is stealing only from herself, for she will never know the joy of rearing a fledgling. The two—stealing from others and stealing from oneself—are similar in ethical and moral principle, but are different in the punishment each should entail."

"In that case," said the Owl, "Mr. and Mrs. Cowbird will brew the tea for the next nine hundred years. Mr. Beaver, do you have something to say again?"

"Just a word before refreshments are served. As you can see, this thing is bigger than we sometimes think. It is not going to stop, no matter how severe our punishments become. Therefore, why not place everyone on his honor to do only what is right. If everyone did so, we would not have these problems."

The Owl closed his eyes for a moment of contemplation. Then he began. "Philosophically, this is an excellent idea. In practice, it is unworkable. An honor system needs honorable animals; but there are no honorable animals."

"But certainly I am, Mr. Owl," said the Beaver, angrily banging his tail upon the log.

"Well . . ."

"Mr. Owl." It was the voice of the shy Turtle.

"Yes, Mr. Turtle."

"Mr. Owl, I think I know what you mean. There is some bad and some good in all of us. The amount of each varies from time to time. Mr. Beaver today is very pious and philosophical. Perhaps he has forgotten about an incident that happened a couple of years ago. I was living a way down the stream. Then Mr. Beaver came along and built a large dam up above my home. Of course, the water downstream was almost entirely cut off and I had to move far upstream. I didn't say anything, but I do believe that this was unfair!"

"Exactly," said the Owl. "It is actions like these in all animals that rule out the possibility of anyone never doing wrong. And then, there are animals like the Turtle, who do not say anything, thus making themselves as wrong as the accused. It is for these reasons that the honor system would not work in the Land of the Still and Silent. Instead, we must all continue to do only what is right, and we must continue to punish vigorously all who do wrong deeds. And now, anyone for tea?"

Genetic Variability and the Conditioning of an Embryo

WILBUR L. FRENCH

Rhetoric 102, Theme 10

IN THIS PAPER SOME OF THE CONDITIONING PROCESSES used in the Embryo Store* will be analyzed with regard to current genetic theory. The purpose of this paper is to show that some of the fantastic things which happened to the embryos in the Embryo Store could indeed be possible under the conditions which prevailed in the Store. The Director explained why conditioning could occur by saying:

Hasn't it occurred to you that an Epsilon embryo must have an Epsilon environment as well as an Epsilon heredity?

In current theory, the phenotype (characteristics which can be observed) of an individual is not a mosaic of a multitude of individually expressed genes. The phenotype of an organism is the result of many interactions between the genes of an individual and the modifications of the genic expressions caused by the environment in which the organism develops.

Can intra-uterine conditions during the embryonic development of a mammal change the expression of the organism's hereditary material? Mr. Foster indicated that it was possible to modify the phenotype of the embryo by altering the environment in which it develops:

"Reducing the number of revolutions per minute," Mr. Foster explained, "The surrogate goes round slower; therefore passes through the lung at longer intervals; therefore gives the embryo less oxygen. Nothing like oxygen-shortage for keeping an embryo below par."

Intra-uterine conditions during pregnancy can be shown to influence the expression of the genotype in mammals. Consistent differences in degree or frequency of manifestation of certain genetic characters are found when the progeny of old mothers are compared to the progeny of young mothers. Scientific proof of the influence of the intra-uterine environment in the phenotype includes experiments with white spotting in guinea pigs, and harelip in mice. Many congenital malformations in man also appear to exhibit the tendency to be expressed more often or in a more pronounced way as the intra-uterine conditions change (generally by aging).

Can the human embryo learn before the trauma of birth (or decantation)? Mr. Foster believed that the human embryo could learn to fear cold:

* Aldous Huxley, *Brave New World* (ed.)

Hot tunnels alternated with cool tunnels. Coldness was wedded to discomfort in the form of hard X-rays. By the time they were decanted the embryos had a horror of cold.

Conditioned response in the human fetus has been accomplished. A human embryo was conditioned to contract its body in response to a mild electric shock which was applied to the abdomen of its mother. There was no original response by the embryo to the shock stimuli. The response to the shock was learned by the embryo as a result of a conditioned response experiment.

Is it possible that the introduction of male sex hormone into the environment in which the female embryo is developing could cause the female embryo to become a freemartin? Mr. Foster indicated that the above procedure was possible:

So we allow as many as thirty per cent of the female embryos to develop normally. The others get a dose of male sex-hormone every twenty-four metres for the rest of the course. Result: they're decanted as freemartins.

When a female calf is twin-born with a male calf, the female is always a freemartin. The female becomes a freemartin because of the presence of the male sex-hormone produced by the male calf during the time when their blood circulatory systems were connected.

My Erstwhile Hobby

JOHN J. McCAULEY
Rhetoric 102, Theme 3

BECAUSE OF THE ENLIGHTENED STATE OF MEN'S MINDS and the efficient methods of modern business and industry, we now have more leisure time on our hands than ever before. Also, as a result of the increasing complexity of our times, we worry a great deal, and our psyches are plagued by frustration and other inner conflicts. Therefore, two problems, like specters, loom up before us. What shall we do with our newly found spare time, and how can we relieve our minds from the stress and strain of the routine of our lives? Suddenly, the mental hygiene wizard bounds onto the scene. "I know!" he shouts joyously. "Why doesn't everyone get a hobby? Wouldn't that be just peachy?" The mental health lad is exceedingly pleased with himself, and we watch him skip off into the distance, crying, "That's it!! A hobby!—A hobby, hobby, hobby, hobby, hobby! Hobbies, everyone!"

Maybe we haven't time for a hobby, but we are jolly well going to have one, mutters the sporting goods salesman as he grimly tries to pry our front door open with a nine-iron. "Everyone needs a hobby," insists the

T.V. set. "Gregory Peck has one. He drives a motor boat powered by an 'Evinrude' engine. Why don't you see your nearest 'Evinrude' dealer TODAY . . ." We turn the T.V. set off. On the way to work we are unmercifully besieged by signs. Signs in every shade of color in the spectrum scream at us, "DO IT YOURSELF! Make it your hobby and save money! Everyone needs a hobby!" We flee into the sanctuary of our office, only to be greeted: "You look a little run down, John. You need something to take your mind off your work . . . don't you think that you should have a hobby?" We retire to the janitor's closet, lock the door from the inside, and gnaw on a broom handle for two hours.

Later, when we see a doctor for a checkup, that learned soul removes his heavy-rimmed spectacles and says in the deep bass voice of impending doom: "My boy, *you* need a hobby."

"Gee, Doc, I have several hobbies. I read the funny papers, I bet on the horses now and then; I occasionally play a little poker with the boys, I . . ." Our voice trails off weakly and cracks, for we are being transfixed by an icy stare.

"A hobby should be uplifting and educational," reproves the doctor. "Like golf," he adds, remembering that he has an engagement to play a few holes at three o'clock. The interview ends, and we go home determined to "get a hobby."

Many people have a great deal of difficulty in choosing a hobby. I, in my own personal experience, had *no* difficulty. I chose gourmanderie, or the art of cooking strange and exotic dishes, simply because it was the first reasonable suggestion given to me. I loathe active sports and games, I hate any form of recreation in which intense mental concentration of any degree is required, and I have an intense aversion for building model cars and airplanes. Consequently, when someone said, "Why don't you learn to cook?" I decided that I would like to be a gourmand. The very next day I came home carrying armloads of cookbooks. When I went to work on my new hobby, sister protested. "What are you doing in the kitchen?" said she.

"Hobbing," said I, as I slammed a mixing bowl onto the table, smashed an egg into it, and started to make a batch of watermelon upside-down cake. She stared, still unbelieving.

"Well, just be sure to clean up when you're done," she ventured. "What did you say you were making?"

"Nothing," I growled, and stirred faster.

"Oh . . ." She turned and staggered, shocked, from the room.

For three months, I gained immeasurable enjoyment and twenty-five pounds from my hobby. I cooked everything from rib of roast elephant au gratin to the delicious cream of pulverized barnacle sauce. I was happy, for I had at last found a way to express myself. Then, one day, deep in the dark, damp cellar of the library, I found a big black book. Because it was so tattered and dusty, it looked as if it were centuries old. The lettering on the cover was obliterated except for the author's name. Upon closer exami-

nation with a magnifying glass, the author's name proved to be Weenin Mather, and the date of the volume's publication 1592. I noted that the binding had evidently crumbled, so I took great care and opened the book very cautiously. The title page read: *Witchcrafte and How Ye May Worke Yttes Wondres*. I turned to the first page. The very first line said: "Tayke ye one sparrowe egge . . ." That was enough for me. I had found, or so I believed, a medieval cookbook! I supposed that the title was simply a clever implication that the eaters of the food therein described would be "bewitched" by its savory taste.

I decided to try the first recipe. I took one sparrow egg, half a mouldy loaf of bread, a fistful of rusty nails, a scoopful of corn mush, a quart of oil of vitriol, and stirred them all together in a cement cauldron as directed. I heated the mixture for two hours, then added two bed springs, and one mouse which had died of a violent and unexpected heart attack caused by a crash in the stock market. After the mixture had cooled somewhat, I realized that I had no Snft powder, which was the next and most important ingredient. In fact, I didn't even know what Snft powder *was*. I phoned all over town without success before I finally located an obscure little curiosity shop which had some Snft powder. The aged voice quavered over the phone that yes, he'd send some Snft powder over with his delivery boy right away. In approximately ten minutes my doorbell rang. When I opened the door, a little old man, strangely attired in a ragged black robe and a brown hood, handed me an envelope marked "Snft" and slithered away. "Wait!" I said. "What do I owe you?" He stopped, turned, and peered up at me from within his cowl for a second. Suddenly he emitted a mocking shriek of laughter, pivoted on his bare feet, and cavorted down the sidewalk. I watched him, puzzled, till he was out of sight. Very strange.

I returned to the kitchen clutching the Snft powder. While I was at the door, the steam had cleared away from the pot, making visible an ominous-looking green ooze. As I gingerly sprinkled the Snft powder onto the surface, my sister came into the room. She said, "What are you . . ." Suddenly there was a flash of blinding red and orange light, accompanied by a fierce, wall-shaking explosion. I could hear the glass in the kitchen windows shatter. The plaster fell from the ceiling, and my sister screamed. There were a number of successive screeches, and when the smoke cleared away, my sister was gone. I combed the house for her, but to no avail. I had the police and the F.B.I. search for her, but still to no avail. Naturally, I felt quite bad about the whole incident. It cost a considerable amount of money to have the plaster replaced, and when I last heard from my sister, she was in Pi-Tang China, steadily working her way homeward with absolutely no idea of how she had been spirited away to the Orient. When she gets home, I am certainly not going to tell her.

My cooking hobby is now a thing of the past. I have burned all my cookbooks and warned all my friends that I want to hear no more of hobbies. In the future, when someone inquires if I have a hobby, I will reply in

an unpleasant tone of voice, "Yes, I do. I have a very intriguing hobby. I shoot inquisitive strangers." With that, I will draw a water pistol and further horrify the fellow by deluging him with indelible red ink. Have a hobby yourself, if you will, my friend. I will settle for a nervous breakdown.

Delinquency—A Dialogue

JOHN L. EVANS, JR.

Rhetoric 101, Assignment 3

SENEX: Juvenile delinquency is rampant. It increases with the passing of each minute.

JUVENIS: One moment, Mr. Speaker; just what is your definition of juvenile delinquency?

s: My dear young fellow, juvenile delinquency is merely the disgraceful, flagrant disregard for law and order shown by our youth today.

J: By law and order, then, you mean established custom?

s: Very definitely; and legislated acts also. And I say that the situation is becoming increasingly worse.

J: May I interpose a thought?

s: Yes.

J: Could not we re-phrase your original statement to exclude the word "juvenile" and substitute the word "parent?"

s: Just what do you infer?

J: I infer, sir, that it is not juvenile delinquency that is rampant. It is not juveniles who are initially or originally disregarding law or custom. It is parents. I accuse parents, individually and collectively, of violating their moral obligation and responsibility to the state, to society, and to God. I charge any parent to refute by his or her example my accusation and prove his righteousness.

s: Sir, you have a biased concept. I demand the immediate retraction of your charge, and your apology to the mothers and fathers of America for this insult to them.

J: Mr. Speaker—if you can refute but one of the arguments I intend to propose in support of my charge, I shall humble myself and beg the forgiveness of every parent alive. But, first, let us consider a sapling tree. If an owner desires that his growing tree shall be espaliered, does he encourage its progress toward that goal with admonitions, pleadings, cajolings, and threats? I answer no. He takes positive action. Doing so, does he then wait until the tree is grown and beyond gaining a *horticultural complex* to begin its training? Again I answer no. He begins the training of the branches of that tree in its infancy. Now, Mr. Speaker, modernists will answer that a tree is an inanimate object, to which I wholeheartedly

agree. But, I reiterate, the pattern for that tree's future behavior is set from its infancy.

s: I fail to see that you have proven your point.

J: The point I have proven is that the progress, not the object, is the same for the training of any living, growing, progressing form. Secondly, let us ascend the ladder of biographical classification, and approach the realm of humanity more closely. Consider the trainer of animals. Does he not pursue the same course as the trainer of trees? His progress may not be as constant as the former, because he is dealing with animate forms, and must contend with an intellect. Howbeit inferior to man's, it is still an intellect, therefore a personality—or animality—if you wish to be specific.

s: We are not raising trees or animals. We have no problem with trees or animals or their behavior or their delinquency. We are discussing juvenile delinquency. You are evading the subject and attempting to confuse the issue.

J: I am afraid, Mr. Speaker, that you are evading the issue—the issue of responsibility for behavior. To whom is a child initially responsible? To his parents, God willing. With whom is his initial contact after birth? With his parents. Who is legally, therefore morally, responsible for his later conduct with society? There can be but one answer—his parents. We cry that juvenile delinquency is on the increase. Is not adult misbehavior and misconduct on the increase? A child follows example. If it is good, he will be good; if it is bad, the odds are against his being raised and trained in a proper manner. Let us consider the juvenile behavior in other cultures. Is juvenile delinquency on the increase in those cultures and in those tribes or homes where there are close and abiding family ties? Consider the Asiatics. We look askance and with disdain upon their mode of living. Yet, I have seen no great juvenile problem there. There is no hue and cry that the world is going to pot because of their adolescents. Come closer to home. How many American Indians become a police problem? They have no juvenile difficulties. Do you know why? It is because these peoples look upon their children as desirable, and an integral part of their life. They have the perseverance and determination—and intestinal fortitude—to stand behind their convictions in the face of adversity as well as during periods of prosperity.

s: But we are neither Asiatics nor Indians. We are Americans and we have American children.

J: Thank you, Mr. Speaker, you have just proven my final point. We are Americans—true—but we are biologically the same as the Indians, the Asiatics, or even the ancient Greeks or Egyptians. Even though we are Americans, we are only human beings subject to the same problems of life which confronted Confucius, Plato, Saint Augustine, or Immanuel Kant. We have progressed, yes. That is, if you care to describe our present civilization by our own definition of progress. But such a description is fatal to the premise. Have we progressed in our concept of duty, responsi-

bility, consideration for others, justice, or truth? I must answer in the negative. The American culture reached its zenith during its sociological progress of the eighteenth century. And ever since then we have been attempting to live on our historic laurels. And, we are in the same circumstances—we are living under the same illusionary dreams—as the Romans prior to their downfall. Today's children who see the light of day beyond their mother's womb—and for many this is prevented—come into a world and among parents, who, if they are not indifferent to their product, are hounded and vexed by *modern* pseudo-psychology into believing that they have been sentenced to be confined with a bundle of inhibited, dormant, razor-edge complexes which at the least-expected turn will project themselves upon and into the child's personality, and by some mysterious mutation change their little Doctor Jekyll into a monstrous Mister Hyde.

Mr. Speaker, look around you. How many children do you see neglected by indolent parents? How many children are rotted to the core by unsuccessfully purchased affection? Count the children who say "NO" to a parent's demands and are free to say "NO" again. See for yourself how many parents know where their children are at any given hour, and have a reasonable assurance as to what they are doing. Did you have the freedom of action during your boyhood that you give your children? Did you, as a boy, or your parents decide what was best for your welfare and well-being? Child psychology is a necessary but complex science. It is not a plaything for the amateur or unenlightened. Used properly by well-founded psychologists it is a necessary adjunct to all other sciences, but it cannot be interpreted by the average person.

In closing, I should like to quote a passage from Proverbs, "*Train a child in the way he should go; and when he is old he will not depart from it.*" That statement is almost a command. And it presupposes that parents should know best. When they use their God-given sense, analyze their problem, and execute their demands, regardless of sympathy, apathy, or pseudo-affection, they will fulfill their mission in life, and juvenile delinquency will cease to exist.

IN THE NIGHT

He studied his wife with compassion. How old and tired she seemed! Her hair, once lustrous and rich, was faded, matted, greying. He wanted to touch it, remembering, but she sighed and stirred, so instead he rose quietly from the bed and walked to the window, where he stood absently picking the peeling paint from the sill. He could smell the urine of the child's diapers. He could smell the room, the life that was in it. He could smell the old, flowered wallpaper stretched over cracked plaster. He could smell tonight's dinner, and last night's dinner; all the meals of the past seemed to have left some lingering odor behind.—William Babcock, 102.

Rhet as Writ

To make it more difficult we had a child the November before I started school which was February. _____

Motorcycles are almost unlimited as to the places they are capable of going: bridal-paths, fields and streams . . . _____

Many people nowadays do not know much about the digestion system except that food is placed in the mouth and leaves by route of the rectum. This must be changed for a healthy and happy life. _____

. . . I would take her to a very beautiful spot overlooking the lake, where we could talk about the many people we would probably have in common. _____

One of the most important things that a liberal education provides is a cavity to think clearly. _____

Dulles took the bull by the horns and flew to England. _____

In these different Service Schools they can be helpful for your outside life if you don't plan to make a career out of it. _____

Lost in thought among this taunting call of nature, we wander over the earth as birds on the wing. _____

The city of Chicago is located at the bottom of Lake Michigan. _____

By comparison to the general run of sea stories *Billy Budd* is a very unusual tail. _____

We do not shave with formules but we shave with the shaving cream. _____

. . . she heard a soundless noise. _____

There is no doubt in my mind but what authors write books for people to read. _____

These machines were all purchased from used-car lots, with the exception of my 1929 Ford which was purchased from a dead farmer.

The Contributors

Frank K. Lorenz—Thornton Fractional

Gerald M. Peterson—Oak Park and River Forest

Michael P. Hoffman—Hillshoro Community

Robert R. Allison, Jr.—Proviso Twp.

James Archer—Benjamin Franklin, Rochester, N. Y.

John A. Finley—Red Bud Community

Thomas B. Thew—Moline

Wilbur L. French—Veedersburg, Ind.

John J. McCauley—Champaign Senior

John L. Evans, Jr.—Fortin, New Orleans, La.